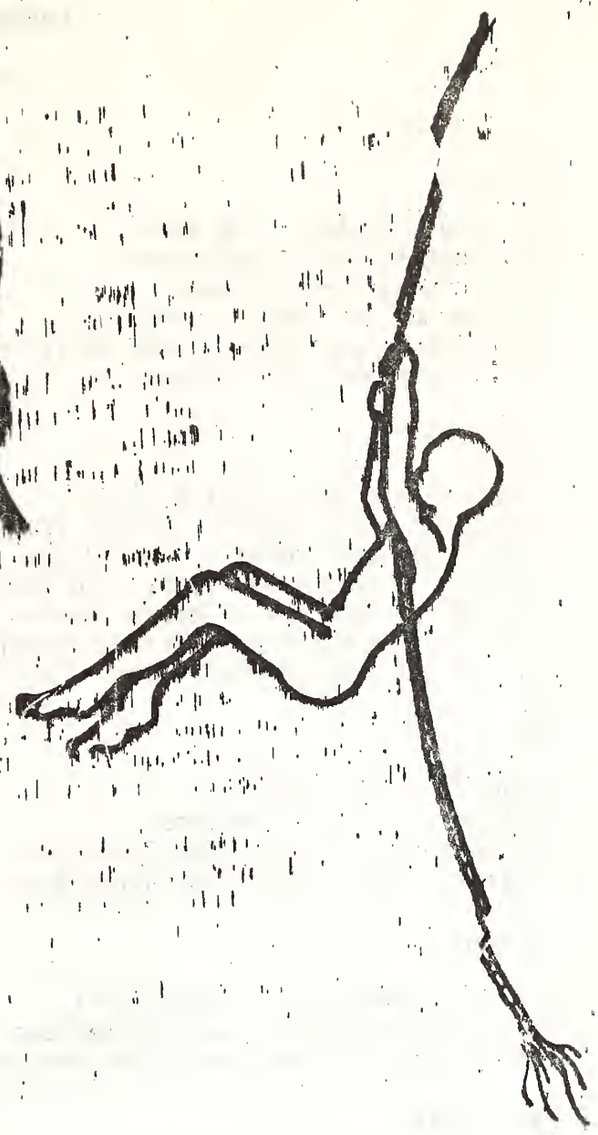
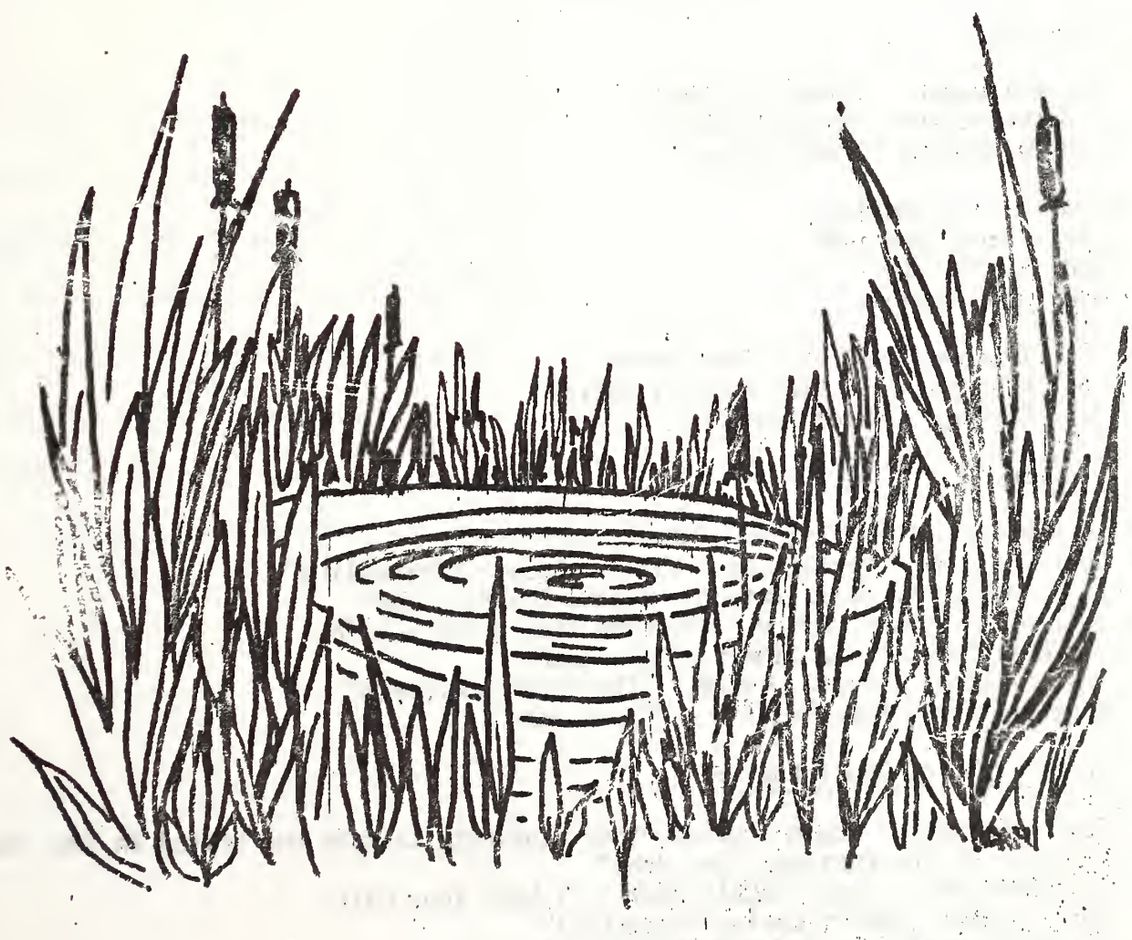
WORD EATER 4





WORDEATER AWARDS

1972-73

Essays

Best Movie Review - Tom Roach
Best Book Review - Tom Roach
Best Columnist - Tom Hooks
Best Campus News Story - Tom Roach
Best Campus News Story - Joan Hollister
Best Editorial - Gary Duncan

Journalism

Outstanding editor - Carol Liptak
Outstanding photography - Dennis Trowbridge
Outstanding cartoonist - Jim Ridings
Outstanding Editorial Writer - Ed Bruske
Outstanding Reporter - Debbie Webster
Outstanding contribution through print media - Carlos Serrato
Outstanding Journalism Student - Mary Whitler

Art

Painting - Jim Laramer
Drawing - Margaret Schuster
3 Dimensional Design - Rondi Anderson
Pottery - Mike Vasquez and Kathy Baxa

Music

Best Solo Performer - James Pozzi
Best Solo Performer - Melinda Mathews
Best Original Composition - Guy Shelley

Visual Arts

Best Overall Movie - Rollin Gullata

Forensics

1st Persuasion - Frank De Loach
2nd Persuasion - Carol Bartz
3rd Persuasion - David Nolan

Oral Interpretation
1st - Peggy Granich
2nd - Mary Witt
3rd - Tom Reeves

Most Improved Speaker - Tom Reeves
Most Valuable Forensian - Carol Bartz
Best Speaker - Carol Bartz

Fiction

Best overall - Ed Verklan - "Dead Wait"
Best Male characterization - Carolyn Hunt - "Struggling"
Best Female characterization - Glenna Fox-Fry "She"
Best plot - Chuck Morrow - "Freedom from a Dog's Life"
2nd Best plot - Mike Zimmer - "Too Much"
Most original - Wayne Mooney - "The Richmond Papers"
Best Fantasy - Etha Griffin - "Windestate"

In the area of Short Poetry

For Cleverness - Chuch Binkley "Your Cigarette Lighter Has Melted In Your Hand"
For Sound - Tom Partegys "Dry Beer"
For Narrative - Bruce McCallister - "I Hold Your Hair"
For Imagery - Robert Earley "Nightfall"
For An Overall Poem - Tom Partegys "Octagon"

In the area of Mid-Length Poetry

For Imagery - Glenna Fox Fry - "My Mind"
For Sound - Bob Hatfield - "M'Butu"
For a Narrative - Robert Earley - "The Storm"
For Cleverness - Bruce McCallister - "Ripe Red World Factorial"
In Overall - Carolyn Hunt - "Awake at Night"

In Long Poetry

For Imagery - Robert Earley - "I Am Man"
For Sound - Bruce McCallister - "Furgatraid"
For a Narrative - Tom Roach - "The Last Question"
In Cleverness - Bruce McCallister - "Song of Life"
For Overall - Bruce McCallister - "The Fathers"

In the field of Dramatic Writing

Most Serious Play - Joan Rogers
Most Comic Play - Charles Winan
For a Fantasy Play - Etha Griffin

In the area of Drama

Memorable perfomance - There were 2 people chosen as major characters and 2 as minor
One-act play - Major character
Mike Glester

Memorable performance
One-act play - Major character
Debbie Jaeger

Memorable performance
One-act play - Minor character
Tim Malloy

Memorable performance
One-act play - Minor character
Linda Mock

# #

Loudmouth McKracken got together with summer wordeaters Mr. & Mrs. Robert Early (recently Joanne Warren) and John Stobart to regurgitate WORDEATER IV. They thought it wise not to print all the prizewinning recipes listed above, because several had been printed in earlier Wordeaters. Besides, they received so many scrumptuous literary concoctions that deserved printing that WORDEATER IV resulted.

Loudmouth announces the first deadline for the year as Oct. 12. Submit signed or unsigned manuscripts to John Stobart, C1069.

BULL-JIVE IN TAXICABS

(Bubble Gum and Ego Trips)

There's Howard Kosell
Talking words out of Ali's mouth!
And channel nine's got Jimmie Stewart
with fifty swans all flying south.
John Hancock man is rapping death,
He says I gotta buy my plot
'Cause it's just not right
To leave my wife with what I got.
Man alive!
Now that's Bull-Jive!
It's John Wayne with the gift of gab
It's a bee-hive!
If Superman don't get here quick,
I think I'll take a cab.

(Walnuts and Run-Aways)

Here comes Moe and Larry
They're groovin' up real slow.
They say they got a real good deal,
They wanna sell me Curly Joe.
Caesar handed me a knife
And said, "Here, take a stab!"
Cleopatra shook her ass
And said, "Here, take a grab!"
Man alive!
Is that Bull-Jive!
It's Frank Horvat in Karlov's lab!
It's a bee-hive!
And if Superman don't make the scene,
I'm gonna take a cab.

(Blue Pastels and A Bloody Mary)

And it's the ghost of Betty Boop,
She's swimming in my soup
And there's a picket line around my fork
And my saucer's filled with troups.
And Yogi Bear is in my hair,
He wants directions to the park.
And some cat named Noah's chasing Johnny
Shouting, "Gimme back my Ark!"
Man alive!
Now that's Bull-Jive!
It's Ray's Dad with a heavy tab!
It's a bee-hive!
If Superman don't get here quick,
I'm gonna take a cab.

(Mickey Mouse and Samuel Colt)

It's Felix the Cat
With a Camel on his back.
He's racing Casey Jones
And they say he's losing track,
And if you lend him fifty cents
He'll tell you that you're dumb
To smoke your cigarettes
And chew your bubble gum.
Man alive!
Now that's Bull-Jive!
It's the FBI and they're gonna nab
Me with this tab!
And if Superman don't show up quick,
I'm gonna take a cab.

(Thirteen and Thirty)

Mata Hari just woke me up
To tell me I'm insane
And she's rapping to some water
Trying to talk it down the drain.

She's got bleep like watermelons
And she don't believe in making love.
She carries a machine gun
And shouts that she's a dove.
Man alive!
If that ain't Bull-Jive!
It's Don Quixote with another jab!
It's a bee-hive!
Throw it in drive!
I'll make my home in this yellow cab!

by Tom Roach

##################################

The Righteous Rag

Judgements are prepared for scorners,
and stripes for the backs of fools.
"Good books bad books scorners mourners,"
stripes with stars can be used as tools.

Devils, Angels,
this books insane!
I can do better than that
or my name's not Tom Payne.

So Tom called George,
and George called Ben,
And they all called a convention,
and that's how it began.

First we'll throw out
all the thees and thous.
They ran through Jury, Shall,
and down to Endow.

We'll call our disciples legislators,
and our priests will be cops.
We'll spread the word,
then we'll set up shop.

And we'll go the book one better,
when their guard relaxes
We'll can the trays
and ask for taxes!

So someone laughed
and someone cryed
Someone fought
and someone died.

The words were changed
but the circle remained.
Nothing's lost
and nothings gained.

I'll bet they'll say
that no one's blamed.
When power's at stake,
dying's a must.
Inspired and Fired
In Gov. We Trust!

by Tom Roach

Sunk in a chair
An ever-bending, aching neck
Poring over figures
Summing up the daily routine.

Seemingly untouchable
This remnant of a bookkeeper
Is set apart, secluded in a
Glass-encased office.

Virtually mute, and undeserving of conversation
This shadow of an employee
Anonymously computes
Mechanically outputs
Issues bundles of the week's reports
On the desks of anonymous managers.
Who all have a resisting linkage in brotherhood.

This alien, in a parody of the world
Assumes the office assigned
Eyesight endowed through the shield of window-glass
That is perpetually slid open for ventilation.

Stifling exhaust fumes
Stinking battery acid
Dust released during the accomplishment of a brake-job
Is all inhaled, smelled, and settled
On this extension of the desk and chair.

Marilyn Fumagalli

##################

"YOU KNOW WHAT?"

Hey, you know what?
I can smell winter coming,
Yeah, even with a head-cold.
This morning when I work up,
As I was walking to work.
I could really feel it in the air,
Somewhere just hiding behind falls
Brownish faded trench-coat.

"FALL"

Slowly seaping into proud trees
Life's silent loneliness prevails on them
To cry their greenish youth away,
As mellow leaves upon a dying earth.

by Robin Davis

##################

FEBRUARY 14, 1972

To most people
Valentine's day
Only comes once a year,
In fat heart-shaped boxes
Of sweet chocolates.

But-
Our shadow knows better.

And-
As long as we don't teach it
To tell time,
It will never have to
Leave for work.

By Robin R. Davis
For Linda K. Travis

################

GAME

Taking scissor-steps
Across the wintered, tawny grass,
They move towards home.
Seeking to be the new Mandarin,
To lead the others to victory...
or defeat.
Indignant cries go out from the
Heirs when the pretender
Does not follow commands
The old monarch loses place
To the first of the seekers
And goes to join the ranks
To seek the throne again.

by Jac-Lynn McQuillen

1746

At inverness the streets
were turned
To fatal scarlet streams
And the tartan plaids
hugged spattered
About their dying lairds.
And the White Cockade blew
lonely
Upon a scarlet moor.
The Bonny Mayhen looked
sadly
At his cousin's corpse-made
throne,
Then blamed a better counselor
For the bag-pipes on the ground.
The Lion trampled the
Thistle,
But, the thorns, they
stung his paw.
And the Stinking Billy
outgrew Sweet William
Above the Culloden Halls.

by Jac-Lynn McQuillen

##################

NO DARKER DAWN

The dawn lies dreaming
deep within the darkness,
the gray storm's wrath whips the waves
as my fantasies break on the shore.
The stars linger only as embers,
sparks cast into the void
to glitter in the sky like eyes of mice,
scurrying without movement
across an intense emptiness of molten dreams.
The dawn is dancing
upon an open horizon of bright colors,
seeming to forget the darkness,
merging with laughing images of mornings,
warmdays alive without limit.
The storms defy day
with their shadow darkness
in which light must come from within,
only in the troubled lumining of lightning
is the true darkness revealed.
The dawn is drowning
in the harsh rain of reality,
torn from warm skies by the bleeding fingers of the sun,
gurgling a green ichor
to distract visions of shadows and silences
with the brightness of blossoming life.
The shadows gather
in the corners of cold attics,
cultivated by the rich warm places
where existence laughs with the vitality of life,
shunning the storms,
and concealing the silence
with the din of glorious growth.
The dawn is dying
in an empty corridor
where the doors are locked
and the lights are out,
there is no nurturing for darkened souls
and only laughter provides comfort
in the emotiness of knowledge.
The dreams continue to form
in the abyss of imagination,
5 brief resoite from the despair of realization
and the realization of despair.
The dawn is dooming
tomorrow to a repetition of today's false shine,
the all is a bright shadow,
only inner flames allow true illumination.
My flames within are empty,
they are shadows of shadows,
I am without sustenance in an open pantry,
I am alone in a multitude,
I am beset by despair and the silence of string walls,
I am unblinded by the lightning
and afraid of my own sight,
I am filled with hollow laughter,
I have too much of nothing.
The flames of day are real
but their light only allows me
to perceive the darkness more clearly,
I am shivering alone in the silent grayness,
awaiting nothing.

Bruce McAllister

FROM MY TO YOUR

by Tom Roach

The self-destructive kiss of Death
    Is playing with my plans
As the black poetic widow
    Weaves her web out through my hands.
With thread of drawn guilt
    As my hidden, sunken memory expands.
And my wounds are my confessions
    But nobody understands.
My mind's defused by right and wrong
    As an army kills its heroes and disbands.
And if, at least, turmoil could bind my life--
    But my history just erodes into the sands.

The memory of sounds that sooth me
    Is blowing through a hollow mine
As memory itself is caught
    And wound up tight in time
Where words are fused and molded
    To capture my emotions
As they feel and flow around me
    Like the ever moving oceans
How could I not have understood
    That it's all part of me
That my life is simply diving in
    Like fish into the sea.

With the bleeding, screaming flesh
    From which my life was torn,
With a thousand children dying
    And a thousand soldiers being born
As I spin around the earth, the sun
    In our orbits passing through,
As I spin within my inner space
    How could I not be part of you?
My life does shake and tremble,
Like a frightened newborn fawn,

Beneath the weight you've breathed into
The sunset and the dawn.

How could I dream of loneliness
And not be stirred by you
With one thousand cannons shouting--
How could I miss my cue?
As music comes unto my lips
From the song within my soul
To be launched into the air
And to be locked into the whole:
As rain seeks out the ocean,
As rewood seeks the sky,
Let me stand with arms outstretched
Let me know you as I die.

%%%

I WONDER

I sit here writing wit my pen,
Trying to find a way to express
All God's creations and loveliness
But, can one person do all of this?
I wonder----
I try to think of many things
Of happenings, the ways of life,
Happiness, love, death and strife
And what real life is like.
onder-----
Now, I look into the sky beyond
And think, "What is it like up there
Among, those stars and atmosphere
That God's hands have touched asunder?"
I wonder-----
And now, the thoughts begin to come,
Pouring from some wonderous source,
(Beautiful thoughts to use for verse)
Into my head and hand to write. From whence?
I wonder-----

Becky West

Rousing the herds from sleep.
The Masai sun knifes through the
Morning, jungle mist.

M'butu shivers,
Chilled by the early morn's breath,
Beneath his blanket.

Ebony eyelids
Lift, exposing soft, black eyes
Afloat in white pools.

They drift from the sun
To immerse jungle greeness
To a sleek, brown spear.

R Rising, M'butu
Grasps his iron-and-wood weapon
And jogs toward the sun.

. . . . . .

The sun climbs in red;
It slows and stops in yellow
Above M'butu.

. . . . . .

Mid-day and white hot . . .
The hour has come for the kill.
M'butu shivers.

Behind grey boulders
Massive, black muscles contract.
The slim spear is aimed.
The lone missile flies:
A young, white-black zebra falls.
The ground shudders once.

M'butu cries out,
Moving toward the white-black hulk.
M'butu shivers.

Bob Hatfield

--*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*-*

WINDESTATE
by

Etha Griffin

The trees stood courageously, refusing to yield to the wanton wind, so the wind gave up and breezed away. It was going to be that kind of day.

The grass sighed a sufficiently grass-like sigh, and the few spring flowers available for comment merely straightened up and stretched a stamen here or a pistil there.

The rocks, of course, didn't sigh in fact, it was rare indeed when a rock said or did anything of any consequence. Canton, as he trod through the trees, thought he heard something like grass sighing, and he wondered at the sudden scarcity of that abounding abstraction, the wind.

That sweet spring smell, nat to every part of the country during the pre-summer season, flooded Canton's nose. And Car smiled. A rabbit leaning agair one of the few remaining elm tr smiled back at Canton, wrinklir its nose in a characteristicall herbivorous smile. Canton, not noticing the grinning rabbit, kept on walking and breathing. And as he was walking and brea his eyes rose from the foreste carpet to the clearing directl before him. (Isn't there alway a clearing?) The clearing con tained a small, operating wind-mill located in a clearing. B he should have, because just

moment before, as the rabbit had stood smiling, and the blades of grass had some to rest, Canton had noticed the absense of the ruffling wind. And yet here, in the midst of a seemingly unwindy stretch of forest stood a still-operating windmill, operating without the apparent aid of the wind.

Canton sat down on a dead log which conveniently faced the whriling windmill. Actually, the log was not dead, and in fact was not even a log but rather the living, sapping, growing trunk of a decrepitly ancient and gnarled oak tree. Of course, this old oak was bent beyond hope of ever straightening up, which explains Canton's chair chosen position atop it, but does not explain why it's bent.

Canton leaned back against the curving trunk andclosed his eyes. Shadows fell on his face accompanied by an occasional inch-worm, as he slept. And Canton slept even as the minute scrap of paper bit his cheek and fell limpidly to the ground beside him. Next a brass letter - opener found its animated way to his side, and it was followed by a calendar with undeterminable dates, and that was followed by an aluminum hinge off a garage door,, which was followed closely by a half-full bottle of coke.

The clang caused by the aluminum hinge striking the brass letteropener awakened Canton, and immediately his curiosity was aroused. Aroused neither by the calendar with its undeterminable dates not by the mere fact that an unrelated pile of refuse had found its way to his side, but by the half-full bottle of coke. The immediate question in his still slumbering mind had to do with the temperature of the caramel liquid. Canton merely wondered if the coke was cold enough to drink without ice. It was, so he drank it.

Then, upon finding relief for his parched throat, he sought relief for his parched mind. No easy task. The calendar proved to be no source of entertainment, Canton realized, becausel he already knew the date, but the crumpled note caught his eye and he grasped for it, only to have it move off, under the influence of the windmill, out of his reach. Undaunted, he sprung from his trunk-seat and landed with his right foot squarely planted on the unsuspecting message.

Canton reached down and removed the paper from beneath his shoe, shook some of the dried mud from it, and opeaned it up to read. It said: "And so I write this to you, Lord Dunsary, unsuspecting as you are of the assasination plans, hoping that it will reach you before the assasins do. God speed, My Lord, and..." That was all, the note ended as abruptly as it had started.

Canton sat down and tried to piece some semblence of intelligence to the note, but it escaped all snatches of sanity, and its meaning seemed to wither furthur still under Cant curious gaze. Canton didn't kn of any Lord Dunsary, but the implied murder frightened him, And it was then that he noticed for the first time, the odd movement of the circling windmi Odd, Canton realized, because of the lack of a wind-like factor to justify and sustain its movement.

The windmill swing its wooden arms contemptuously, and Canton stared after them in sudden disbelief. He turned to retrie the letter opener, and consideri the absurdity of the moment , did an utterly absurd thing He reached out for the letter-opener graspin g it as one migh a sword, and marched determined towards the relentlessly rotati windmill.

Upon reaching its door he knocked twice, while dodging massive wind mill blows, but he received no answer of occupa And since he received none, he pushed his way inside. His eyes, having a little trouble adjusting to the internal darkn soon altogether regretted their enlightening process when they witnessed what lay before them. A scrap of paper, which upon further examination proved to be a corner of the original Magna Charta, a mildewed side of the canoe once occupied by Louis andd Joliet, a goat;s e the door frame of the ark, loose pages of Noah's diary from that same ark, several empty beer cans, Venus De Milos arms, a wrinkled but totally convincing autographed picture of the Loch Ness Monster: All of these things were in the windmill, and Canton stared dumbly at each and every Object

At once, without even so much as a whispered warning, the wind hit, enraged by the letter-opener-armed intruder. Canton was flung to the groulnd, and the wind pinned him there while trying to decide what to do with a mere mortal that had seen the missing treasure and garbage of the world, all o which had been collected by the wind and deposited on the wind's own estate which included, strangly enough, a windmill.

The wind, its temper ebbing slightly, rid itself of its humanistic paroblem by lifting Canton from the floor of the windmill and setting him flying off on a collision couse with a most unsympathetic shrub.

When Canton awoke, hours later he began to rise. But upon doing so he discovered yet another scrap of paper. Hegrasp it eagerly, and what he read sent him equally eagerly home to ponder the mornings events The note said: "...don't try

to battle the wind, for no one has ever succeeded in his attempts. As for the future, be wary of the wind and travel ever so cautiously." And it was signed merely, "Lord Dunsary."

###############

Physically it took months but
Actually it had taken years
Years to form as an irritation . . .
Years to transform into inspiration . . .
And months to get it working.

And now it was completed
A moving, audible glory
A glory of soundlessness
A black disk of revolving threads
Marked "silence" filtering sound
Until nothing is left but
Deafening silence.

The reality of it astounded her
The unbelievability of it was more astounding
But she had done it
Of course--of course--of course--
Settling back
Contentedness and earphones reigning
She smiles
Forever.

Marilyn Fumagalli

####################

Expired . . .

library card
driver's license
magazine subscription

I couldn't find my 2:00 euchre partner.
(she was bright for her age and had never before missed
a 'two o'clock')

The assistant male-nurse informed me
That she had
Expired . . .

I had never before categorized
My 2:00 euchre partner with

library cards
driver's licenses
or magazine subscriptions.

Marilyn Fumagalli

Never having known a home town filled with friends from elementary schools, or relatives to visit at Christmas time, she found herself at home listening to the radio, which was always the same wherever she went. She'd carry an old, rough-edge, torn-back, leather-covered pocket radio with her wherever, whenever she could listening to a familiar Disc-Jockey in a handy fire escape overlooking the city, or a park where old men fed the pidgeons and couples lay in cool grass together. She'd consume the songs, listening to them carefully, as if in their lyrics was held some secret of the universe. She'd dream too, remembering movies she had seen of two lovers running on a beach while twilight filled the air and laughter warmed a camp fire that flickered against an impossibly beautiful dky, or scenes of someone crying and being held warm and secure within someone elses arms, and she remembered some clumbsy hand upon her breast, and lonliness, and falling finally into the momentary warmth of someone smelling of popcorn-tobcco breath wishing she was somewhere else, and hoping.

Papa had worked on the pipe-line, she didn't know doing what,and he always had a deep-brown tan which was baked into the lines and bumps on his hardened face. Mama had died seven years before (one week after her eighth birthday) of just plain being tired of everything (Mama always said he'd be the death of her, and it was true Mama having died when he came home to visit for the birthday) so one day Mama just stopped breathing on the couch in the living-room, and she had found Mama lying there all wet and still with her white work shoes on that she wore waitressing. She had never known papa much because he'd always leave her and Mama in a little rooming house Mama'd find, usually close to wherever she'd be working. She never knew much about her relatives either as they'd disowned Mama for having married a man who was "no good," but Mama had loved him and his hot, round eyes and his huge laugh that could fill up a whole apartment building, and his big arms that bulged out even when he was just sitting down doing nothing. Since Mama died she had gone to live with Papa wherever he went on the pipe-line, from town to town, school to school, and later from boy to boy - each town, school, boy becoming the same reoccuring nightmare that wouldn't go away.

Except now Papa had hurt his back and been given some silly office job working some squawking two-way radio, and wishing he was outside in the wind and sun - hating his job and hating her, sometimes coming home srunk and mad so that she had to put him to bed, removing his smelly shoes then setting the alarm clock so he could start the next day the same as the one before. He lied telling her that it was because she was almost fifteen that they had settled down, and that there'd be no more moving so she was stuck trying to contend with new problems of rules to follow and being told she had an image to create because Papa said she'd be stuck with whatever anyone would come to think of her.

She was pretty and tough and gentle, going out and in where Papa said she should (People noticed too making her feel ashame of what / who she was) and she knew, sometimes, how to use her own round-dark eyes to the best advantage.

Where she had lived before people at school all wore their socks rolled down and sneered at anyone who didn't, and before that she was someplace that anyone wearing red on Thursday was laughed at,and then someplace where knee-socks with silly pome poms of the school colors were the accepted thing of the group that stood at the right corner of the school and ate at the rig table in the lunchroom. She had never cared about all of that before. She knew that she would be moving away before long. But now there was a permanance, and Papa saying to be respectable and careful because this was whe she was to find her husband and raise a family. Sometimes, at times when he was talking of her getting married, he was warm and low-voiced, and he would sit talking for hours as she filled his cup over and over again with coffee and two spoons of sugar. But, other times he'd come home drunk, smelling stale and old, calling her whore or telling her to stop walking like a damed bit in heat. She used tocry at firs but later learned to hate him at times like that.

Papa took her to enroll at Rosemont High School. He dresse up in his only suit and made her wear a dumb, ugly dress which he had picked out for her. The school was filled with meaningle rules, favorite football players and pompous cheerleaders who nev had anything to talk about excep boys and what some outcast girl had done behind the bleachers at the game the weekend before. The would stand, hogging the mirrors in the lavatory, spraying their hair, giggling and carefully applying lipstick in such colors as "little Bo Peep Pink". She would hurry in and hurry out no even bothering to check her hair just hoping that they wouldn't notice her and wishing that she

didn't have to go to school. They did notice her and her fully developed fugure and the waist-long, black hair. They noticed her at least enough to ignore her or above past her out the door.

Boys noticed her too and would watch her rudely as she passed, solitary, thru the slippery hallway. They made her feel nervous and dizzy and she would stick out her chin and pretend not to notice them. But, there was one boy she did notice who sat in front of her in study hall. He was quiet and studied a lot while everyone else talked and sailed paper thru the air. She found out that he was in the Chess Club and that his name was Jim - which she liked because it sounded like a good, clean name. She'd sit in study hall, pretending to study never really seeing the print before her which would blurr as she fancied what it would be like to know a quiet boy who would be kind and take her on walks in the park or maybe to the Pizza Place where Everyone went. She would feel secure with him because he would be smart and talk low and quiet - no at all like Papa.

One day he turned around and asked her for a pencil and she flushed nervously, smiling at him and feeling like a goon. He smiled back. For two weeks she thought of nothing but that smile which lit up his whole face, and while she was cooking or washing dishes and listening to the radio, she'd pretend the songs were about the two of them.

Somehow later he began to talk to her. They talked about a lot of things, talking so much that the stern teacher who policed the aisles would threaten to throw them out. She told him of her travels and he was amazed at all that she could tell him about places like Cleveland, or Detroit or Chicago.

He drove her home one day and met Papa, who had been snoozing on the worn couch. After he had gone, Papa said what a fine, clean-cut man he was and winked at her. Later that night Jim called and asked her to the football game and even though she never had been interested in football she said yes, then placed the phone back in it's cradle dreamily.

When he picked her up for the game he was five minutes early and entered her small livingroom smelling like soap, and looking polished and almost handsome. He sat in the livingroom talking to Papa, with one shiney shoe crossed over his knees. They were deep in conversation when she entered and he stopped talking and smiled at the image of her in her white eyelet peasant blouse that fell soft and cool against her cocoa skin

She met more people that night than she had had a chance to meet before. He had a lot of friends and they all laughed together. Half way through the game, she looked up into the starlight thinking how frightening all this happiness was, and began to cry silently, softly, but just so he'd notice too a teardrop drift down her left cheek. But, he didn't notice because at that moment his team had scored a point.

He took her for Pizza, and they talked about a lot of things in a back boothe lit mostly by a flickering candle. She could have been dining at the Hilton for all she knew or cared. He took her home at the time Papa had insisted on and only kissed her cheek quickly as he let her in the door.

The next afternoon they went to the movies and saw a love stor which made her ache with wishing, sometimes getting so caught up in the story that she became the girl on the screen. He was polit and held her hand and she noticed him watching her, from the corner of her eye. Later they walked through a large park that was threaded through the town, stoppi to watch an old man feeding pige and an occasional brave squirrel who would dash toward him quickly grab a morsel of food, and scurry away followed closely by other chattering squirrels. They stopp too, to listen to a guitar player who was surrounded by a small audience that was stretched out comfortably on the grass. They sat a little ways from the crowd only half listening as they almos whispered thoughts they had not ever told anyone bevore. They could feel a close friendship, and talking filled the remaining afternoon and the evening until the mosquitoes came out and they noticed the time. She knew she should be home fixing Papa's dinner, but she didn't care she wanted the day to last forever, so when he asked her if she want to pick-up some Kentucky Fried Chicken, she said yes.

They drove to a lonely road on a hilltop overlooking the cit watching the suns last glow colo the streets from silvery bluenes into bright lights that glittere like a Christmas portrait on bla felt background. A slow, dreamy song came on the car radio and Jim kissed her and said he loved her, really meaning what he said at that moment. She knew he lov her, had expected him to love her and she loved him too. They melt together forgetting time and plac as the radio oozed on with oldies infrequently interrupted.

Suddenly, Jim sat bolt upright and switched off the radio. It was quiet except for the sounds of nearby crickets and truckson the highway below. They listene for a while to the half-quiet an Jim smoked a cigarette. He had changed. She could see that. Sh didn't speak, fearing what any

conversation might bring. Then he spoke. You should have waited, he said, and though I loved you it was not in that way at all, he said, and slammed his fist against te dash board shouting; why don't women wait for their husbands anymore, like they SHOULD! She watched him, looked at him wide-eyed, confused at his betrayal, and ashamed then because of his shame, then angry because she had never thought that much of it anyway except it seemed somehow a need she could fulfill, a pleadi coaxing whirlpool which pulled her down into a rumbling river.

He didn't understand and let her off at the sidewalk in front of her house. Inside Papa was asleep in front of the T.V.. Sh took the beer can out of his han and covered him with an old quil

The next week three of Jims friends called; but Jim didn't.

Glenna L. Fox-Fry

****

I WILL POUT OUT MY SPIRIT UPON ALL FLESH

The ocean, the sky are fused together
where lava touches snow,
where our minds make the decisions
that our souls will never know.
Where living's cost is paved with death
and dying's paid with skin,
To meet forever halfway through
to do anything but win.
I could have set you free
you could have let me in

Water, water everywhere
and all the boards did shrink
Water, water everywhere
nor any drop to drink

Where monks are burned in gasoline
and babies die in plagues.
Where machineguns rivet loneliness
and farmers have no legs.
Where destruction breeds survival
and survival's pushing through.
I know that you're afraid of me.
I'm afraid of you.
And I know I'll never really touch you
But then there's nothing else for me to do.

Water, water everywhere
and all the boards did shrink
Water, water everywhere
nor any drop to drink

They say I've had a hundred women
and then a man or two.
Cause he's got a million lines
I can make it all sound new.
Everyone thinks you're going foreward
when you're going in reverse.
It's really quite an easy thing
When it's only getting worse.
To walk across an ocean
When your lips are cracked for thirst.

Water, water everywhere
and all the boards did shrink
Water, water everywhere
nor any drop to drink.

Tom Roach

STAR

(for everything that's good)

The youthful gladness of Spring's unwinding story
The wholesome richness of Summer's glory
Are but mirrored insights to your soul
As you radiate your love out to the whole.
You're the door before eternity,
The embodied beauty of human dreams,
[illegible]
Giving [illegible] energy to ordinary schemes,
Showing compassion, truth and understanding for everything that's wrong.
When nothing else is what it seems,
Shine on, Star, shine on.

Like an ocean, like a storm,
That only can give you what it feels;
Like the sun exploding heat and light,
You will give me what you feel.
The sky at night is your dark hair;
Around your face the farthest Star;
And no one will ever realize
How close they really are.
At night they stare at you and wonder on their backs upon the lawn,
Too beautiful to touch.
Shine on, Star, shine on.

Preachers stretch the past;
Philosophers are asking how;
They'll contemplate and eat their apples,
For a line across the brow.
Confusion's in their blood
Running fast or slow as times allow;
Each in their way, they're all off-beat,
But you were born into now.
It's not who you are, but to whom that you belong
And you belong to everyone,
Shine on, Star, shine on.

A shaft of light streaming through a punctured cloud
    To focus on the ground,
A spot of bright reality,
    With darkness all around.
There's gold out in Nevada--
    They've discovered oil at Waterloo--
But what is love is what is real
    And I think that it's in you.
Too tender to behold I am lost inside your song
    In my heart and in my head.
Shine on, Star, shine on.

Who are we and who are they
    Askew and parallel upon our lines;
And they ask from within their shadows
    Who is that who shines?
In all the vast confusion
    They think they've found their place
Somewhere inside their little world,
    Somewhere inside of space.
But without comparing their abstractions to your phenomenon
    They couldn't even chart their vague position.
Shine on, Star, shine on.

We're so quick to think that it's all over
    When something's going wrong,
But always love is fresh and love is gay
    And always Star is shining on.
As desperation's looking back,
    It's being blinded by the dawn.
And tell me everything--
    Oh, keep on shining on
From eyes of innocent experience Shine, Shine, Shine on, Star! Shine on!
    Through our very souls, through all totality!
Shine on, my Star, shine on!

DREAM CHILD

No one came to bring full into my womb
This precious dream child.
No sprinkling over with the spring of life,
But still the child grew.
I carried him for many years
Within me,
Safe,
And still, aside from a faint heart-beat
Which would lull me to sleep on restless nights,
Safe in the knowledge of his strength.
Until one night, he appeared before me,
And I could see the malformations
Of his tiny body.
Yet, still with the love I knew
For having carried the unborn child
So long,
I held him to my bosom
To nurture him,
To make him strong,
But he died from my poisened milk
At last.

Glenna Fox

##############################

MONDAY WAS A FUN DAY

Our eyes met
Like fish nets,
As smiles set
On our lips.

There was no waiting,
No hesitating.
The ice was breaking;
We drew together.

The Fire came;
Our bodies flamed.
More than a game!
Aloofness slips.

We lay in the sun,
Our lovemaking done.
She was the one.
Love is forever!

This happened on a Monday.
T'was certainly a fun day.
I'm hoping now that someday
I will do itaall again.

Bob Hatfield

We Call It Home, So It Doesn't Matter

Well, we framed death-
And hung it proudly over the door to dry.
Right next to the distorted full-length mirror
(the one with the lights around that you like so much.)
Directly opposite our living room picture window.
Then we just had to paint the floors black,
To match drapes and the toilet paper that fill the
Empty spaces between the walls already there.
Once the local authorities have been christened with club soda,
We'll fill all the cellars (and a fall-out shelter or
two), with cold vinegar,
Leaving of course complete instructions on how to convert
It to wine, or sea water.
So if it doesn't rain tonight we can float the cherry tree,
(Which ought to provide a great source of entertainment
For the Children,) and throw can after can of non-
Flamable hairspray on its branches,
Singing gospel groovy, as we burn it in effigy.
Naturally- I intend to save the ashes for breakfast someday.

Today let's talk about something important for a change,
And re-read intellectual paper-back editions of profound
Popular philosophy, and acute analytical insight,
So even if we don't really know what we're talking about-
It'll still sound pretty good.
When you get bored of dreaming wake up,
And when you get sick of being awake-
Go back to sleep.
While you're at it, boil us some icetea
So we can have a couple cups of hot coffee to spill,
And scorch our tongues with as we sit reading the
Eternal newspaper, magazines, and out-dated editorials.
Turn down the T.V., change to black & white,
It's time for us to receive communications from the outside
World. (pause, click, commercial) Thank God we're so well
Informed about everybody's business.

Once in awhile we stop-
Temperally due to technical difficulties not beyond our
Control to surround our garabage cans with barbed wire.
The weeds have always grown faster than the flowers
Of the garden-
But it's still a wonderfull place to live.

Robin Davis

# # # # # # # # # # # # # #

It's All There Is

It's Heady
It's vulgar, it's coarse and crude.

It's Rash
It's raw, it's common and lewd.

It's Mesmerizing
It's hypnotizing, it's synthesisizing and new.

It's Breathless
It's breathing, it's dreamy and blue.

It's Birth
It's death, it's future and heritage.

It's Me
It's you, it is and it ain't

It's Life.

Denise Smith

"WHITE LIGHT"

He sits in the mall -- speaks to every girl that walks by. He seduces them with his eyes.

"Give me a kiss you beautiful wench. I think I love you."

Poor boy -- been sitting here for three years now, kissing the air. Trying to understand the cosmic altitudes of his mind as they bob in and out -- in and out.

His reflection in the window pane begins to crack -- his mind expands like a rubberband.

SNAP!

They took him away yesterday, but he'll be back again to kiss the air and make love to his imagination as his brain slowly melts into the orange sunshine of the world.

Anonymous

WAX ELOQUENCE

a Mobius network of symbols
perpetual motion on gimbals
semaphore shorthand entwined
rapport with the infinite Kleined
wax eloquence
melts in your mind

prophetic visions are nice
history warmed over twice
spontaneous as it's inclined
a process as yet undefined
wax eloquence
melts in your mind

Cosmic Bob

AN AVALANCHE IN YOUR HOURGLASS

the sunrise silence. . .
Stonehenge circling precisely the
star cycling sky. . .
we used to watch
the deer swim like icebergs
on the cave walls of Lascaux. . .
Softly, on stone
the Egyptian sun dances
on geometric anthills
which exist to honor the presence
of the star on center screen
and an avalanche in your hourglass
the sundown sandstorm winds of change
wearing all
tearing all
bearing all now
pyramids of papyrus deer
electric Pharoah starlight
tombstones bound in books
we'll never bury.

Cosmic Bob

Hedda Gabler Today

by Joan Rogers

Characters: Mike, Director - 30 years old, blond hair, tall, slim erect posture, perfectly groomed in expensively casual clothing
Anne McInnis, Actress - 25 years old tall with reddish-blonde, long, straight hair, very pale skin, no make-up, light freckled complexion, dressed in rumpled jeans, gray sweatshirt, and raincoat.

Scene: 10:00 P.M. New York theatre, bare stage empty except for scattered card table chairs, two small milk cartons, six paper coffee cups, also scattered: footlights are off, overhead lights are on dim except for strong light around center stage.

Mike: (standing with script in hand) Alright now Miss, mmmm, McInnis, you are the last for tonight, thank God.

Anne: (slumped in chair) Yes, I'm ready.

Mike: After watching for so long I am sure you are familiar with what I don't want.

Anne: Tell me, where is this to play?

Mike: In the "boonies." This is strictly a travelling show, one-nighters in small towns in the Mid and North-West. Some colleges, but mostly just local stuff. Think you could stand the pace?

Anne: (sitting upright in chair now) Yes.

Mike: That's why I insist on Hedda being obviously unobvious. What do you think of her?

Anne: I don't really know yet. I can't feel her as a real woman from the reading. I do get the idea that she is rather the victim than the victimizer. Must we stick with the suicide?

Mike: Yes, for authenticity and then, there is really very little else old Hedda could do, given the moral circumstances of her time and place.

Anne: I thought possibly of up-dating to contemporary, modern dress, more emphasis on "Woman's Lib," that should sell.

Mike: (looking intently at Anne) Yeah, but art is art and Ibsen is not Germaine Greer. Hedda stays as she was, costumes and all. I must say you have the natural looks and carriage I'm looking for.

Anne: I don't know if we should even start. I can't feel sympathy for her and Tesman turns me off. Who is playing him?

Mike: No one yet, but I have in mind a stout, bland-looking creature who will show change in expression in the last act when she warms up to Mrs. Elvsted.

Anne: That would mean a lot to me, to know him, I mean. I would find it difficult to show contempt to one so undeserving, and I

wouldn't want to physically dominate him on-stage, that would be too much.

Mike: How do you feel about Hedda and the Judge?

Anne: That has a Lee-Radziwill - Truman Capote twinge. I could not behave cloyingly to such a deceitful creature. In the end my hate would visibly show, I'm afraid.

Mike: Hey, you'talking like you are already on that bus, Hedda. Let's see what you can do first. Tell me how you think she should look?

Anne: (stands abruptly, uses lady-like gestures and then imitates eye movements) Greta Garbo-ish, serene, stately, physically lady-like sexy. She would have a haunted look about the eyes, her eyes should be bright, darting glances at the Judge and Lovborg, and back again. Side-long glances at Tesman mostly; she would find it difficult to look him in the eye.

Mike: Good, good, Garbo, yes. You have the figure for well tailored expensive clothes, well-cut but not severe. Hedda was a looker. Her masculine Qualities have got to come through, but not abscure.

Anne: (laughing softly) Yes, a harlot, but with class.

Mike: Class, the indefinable something is imperative to the core of this play. She attracted more than her share of desirable males but kept control of the situation so they never knew.

Anne: (shows by her posture what she means) She had "elan." Ha, whatever that is. Not like in "Vogue," you know, but real flesh and blood gutsy nerve. Presence, I guess.

Mike: (moving closer to Anne, standing directly in front of her, close enough to touch) Remember, this is not for New Youk audiences, every housewife from Wilton Center to Pequot Sound wants to identify with Hedda. She must be warm, then go cold, obviously. They are not as sophisticated as Eastern audiences and (laughing) don't tell me I'm a snob. I should know, I'm from Iowa. We just don't think the same.

Anne: (looks to the side, lost in thought) I don't agree exactly - she had a unity of personality and a cohesiveness of character. She really is bad while appearing all too good to be true, at least to Tesman and Juliane. Incidentally, Auntie is too insipid even for the wilds of Montana. That part must be updated.

Mike: That is my business, lady, not yours, stick with Garbo-Hedda. Why do you want this part?

Anne: (looks suddenly serious, almost grim, stares directly at Mike) Money, strictly. I won't bother to snow you with a declaration of my devotion to esoteric advancement. I have a sick boy in upper New York in a hospital. My husband has gone now for the third and last time, the day before yesterday. I read about this audition in the Times and figured why not? I am naive enough to think I have the competency for the part, I can give Hedda the flair she deserves. I know I can do her better than anyone else.

Mike: Well, your background is impressive. Radcliffe graduate, theater arts major, graduate work Columbia University in techniques of drama. Seven semi-pros under your belt, "Desdemona" huh, that might help this time. Read already.

Anne: (reads from Act IV, last scene with the Judge. Mike reads the part of the Judge. Anne reads seriously at first, her voice changing as Hedda's mood alters. She starts with the lines) "Ah, Judge - what a liberation there is in this thing with Eilert Lovborg!" (Anne reads on to the end of the play, her voice rising nervously toward the end, she is seated but gestures with her hands.)

Mike: (watching Anne closely, he is visibly moved by her reading.) How do you feel about going to bed with the Director?

Anne: (Shortly) I go to bed alone. Now let's get on with it, I'm not in the mood for Chestnuts.

Mike: I'm not kidding. You have the part and you don't have to pay the price, but I would like to get to know you better.

Anne: (softly) Later. We have work to do. I'll see you in the morning. Think I'll stay up all night with my Rollo May. Hedda is complex and I want the proper shadings.

Mike: Good night, Hedda.

Anne: Good night, Mike, and thanks. (She walks off-stage dramatically and with authority while Mike looks after her, smiling slightly.)

The End

# # # # # # # # # # # # #

The Imposters

With two great ships at their command
ten Spartan warriors set out to sea,
siren that she is, she
fills their sails with heavy breathing.
So they paid homage to Poseidon
for a safe voyange ahead.
His horse and chariot
thundering upon the water
flashed into a streak;
he did not hear
or had not time.

He's going to Euboea.
So their broken words touch only the sea
and are returned to touch again
the ear of each
never to reach
the inner depths of contemplation.
The sea showed fear
or joy
or lust,
which is so
they do not know
convulsions start to grow
as she trembles below.
Her hand-like waves
clasp each ship
to tow them down inside,
bodies of water
get not wet.
True warriors were they,
did rise and fall
to die upon the warm.

by Robert Early

# # # # # # # # # # # # # # # # #

You Really Ought to Get to Know.....

Chuck Binckley

Sand
Sand and water
Sea water containing life
Life in the rocks
The rocks by the jetty
Sand, sea, and rocks
Harbouring many forms of life
Sandcrabs and seabirds
Albatrosses, cormorants, and gulls
Hermit crabs and king crabs
Thousands of fish and jellyfish
Not to mention the shells
Mussels and clams
(Sorry, no oysters)
And the salt
In the sea, in the sand, in the air
The spice of the ocean
Waves rushing towards me
Swells, breakers, wash
Receding, and then returning
The sun beating down on the sand, the ocean, and the rocks
The sun, Earth's "life support system"
All life here feeds on its warm glow
Do you wonder why I want to return?
And then....
I look behind me and see
That I can see the mountains
Snow-capped peaks reaching for the sun
Climbingthrough the thinnest layers of the atmosphere
Ice-cold lakes and rivers
With crystal-clear water
The purest of pure
Trees, flowers, and meadows
Birds, bears, bugs, and others
They were there first
Long before man
They will be there still
Long after man
Hopefully....(and who is hoping but a mere man?)
Clear, pure air
A night sky filled with countless thousands of stars
Countless billions of miles away
Our star, the sun
Radiates its benevolence here in the mountains, too
The seas know....
The mountains know....
Do you?
I don't think so.

"Between the silence of the mountains/And the crashing of the sea/
There lies a land I once lived/And she's waiting there for me ."
(Quote from "A Question of Balance" by the Moody Blues

DOMINOCUS

White-gloved hands fluttered
About the round, balck brim
As would two warblers
Over a branch too slim.
And the magic man beckoned
To those powers within -
Hocus-Pocus-Dominocus-
The chant of his whim.

And, lo and behold, it happened
Very much like he'd said . . .
. . . From the top hat on the table
That was lacking a head,
Magic man withdrew a white dove.
But its whiteness was streaked red!
"Oh White Gloves! Oh Top Hat!
This streaked dove is dead."

Back into the darkness
Of the hat's inner world
The motionless, dead form
Of the streaked dove was hurled.
And again, above the brim,
Two magic hands whirled -
And a new chant was contrived and,
Like a flag was, unfurled.

"A living dove this time"
The magic man cried,
As into the top hat
A white hand flies
And an ocean of tears
In his eyes I espied . . .
He pulled out the corpse
Of the dove that had died.

Now frightened, he lowered
The dove to the floor -
Then he tore off his gloves
And flew toward the door
As someone in fright might
From the torments of war.
The dove did not move . . .
. . . He would soar nevermore.

by Bob Hatfield

##########################

HOUBOULT BLUES

Followers in endless lines
With opaque windshields

Weaving serpentine
Along the scarred dorsal of the road

For long moments the universe is defined
By a curious dichotomy:
That which is a hole,
And that which is not.

Mea culpa
Mea culpa
Stoplight, have mercy one me.